



SILENCE

TOCC







DID YOU GO
BLIND TODAY SWEETYY?

HELLO MY
HANDSOME HUSBAND!



HOW ARE
YOU DOING?

OH BESIDES A SLOW AND
PAINFUL DEATH, MY STUFFING ROTTING
FROM AN INCURABLE FUNGAL INFECTION
COMBINED WITH THE INABILITY TO
CONTROL MY BOWELS, I DARE
VENTURE, DANDY.

I SAW AN AUTOMATED
DRONE FLY BY TWICE TODAY
AND THREE HELICOPTERS HOVERING
OVERHEAD. THREE EYES TO
A PLUSH AND I CAN NOT EVEN
SEE OUT MY WINDOW.



SUCH MELODRAMA
TODAY.

I DO WHAT
I CAN TO ENTERTAIN
MYSELF.

I WOULD TAKE
IT EASY ON THE CONSPIRACIES.
THERE ARE RUMORS THE SWEEPERS
ARE PATROLLING AGAIN.

THAT IS ALL THEY ARE,
RUMORS AND CONSPIRACIES.
THE SWEEPERS DO NOT EXIST. THEY
ARE JUST A TOOL TO SCARE THE
IDEALISTS. OUR GOVERNMENT
WATCHES TO PROTECT US.



ALL THAT TALK OF
STUFFING AND MODIFICATION
IS THE REAL CONSPIRACY
NUTTERS AT WORK.

WHO EVER HEARD
OF SUCH A THING. I CAN NOT
BELIEVE IT. IF IT WERE TRUE THEY
WOULD BE ABLE TO TEAR OUT MY
STUFFING AND FILL IT WITH
SOMETHING NEW.

I WOULD BE CURED
IF WE LIVED UNDER THEIR
MAD SCIENTIST. BUT...

WE ARE STUCK WITH
A RULER THAT HAS ABOLISHED
CRIME, SATIATED HUNGER
AND PUT A ROOF OVER
EVER PLUSH'S HEAD

WE DO HAVE
IT PRETTY ROUGH.

THE DISSIDENTS
WOULD HAVE YOU
BELIEVE SO.



WHAT WOULD YOU
LIKE FOR DINNERS? I HAVE
TO GO AND REFILL YOUR
PRESCRIPTIONS.

TOMATO BISQUE.

THEY WOULD HAVE YOU
BELIEVE WE ARE LIVING A LIE.
A LIE! FREE HEALTH CARE A LIE!
LOOK AT ME, I WOULD HAVE
BEEN DEAD A DECADE AGO.

A BIT RILED UP
TODAY, WHO PEED IN
YOUR CEREAL?

THESE PLUSH CALLING
THEMSELVES THE RENEWED
CIRCLE BROKE INTO A FOOD
WAREHOUSE. TOOK WHAT THEY
WANTED AND LEFT THE
REST TO BURN.


FOR WHAT? SO
THEY COULD DISRUPT
A NON VITAL INFRASTRUCTURE?
ALL THEY DID WAS SHORTEN THE
RATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE
IN DIRECT NEED.

DO YOU
WANT GRILLED
CHEESE WITH
YOUR BISQUE?


SWISS ON
RYE PLEASE.
WHAT DO THEY
WANT?

WHOP?

THE
RENEWED CIRCLE.



THEY SOUND LIKE
A PEPPER-JACK AND SOURDOUGH
KIND OF CROWD.



YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN.

OH I DON'T KNOW.
ALL THAT STUFF IS JUST
TOO FAR OVER MY
HEAD.

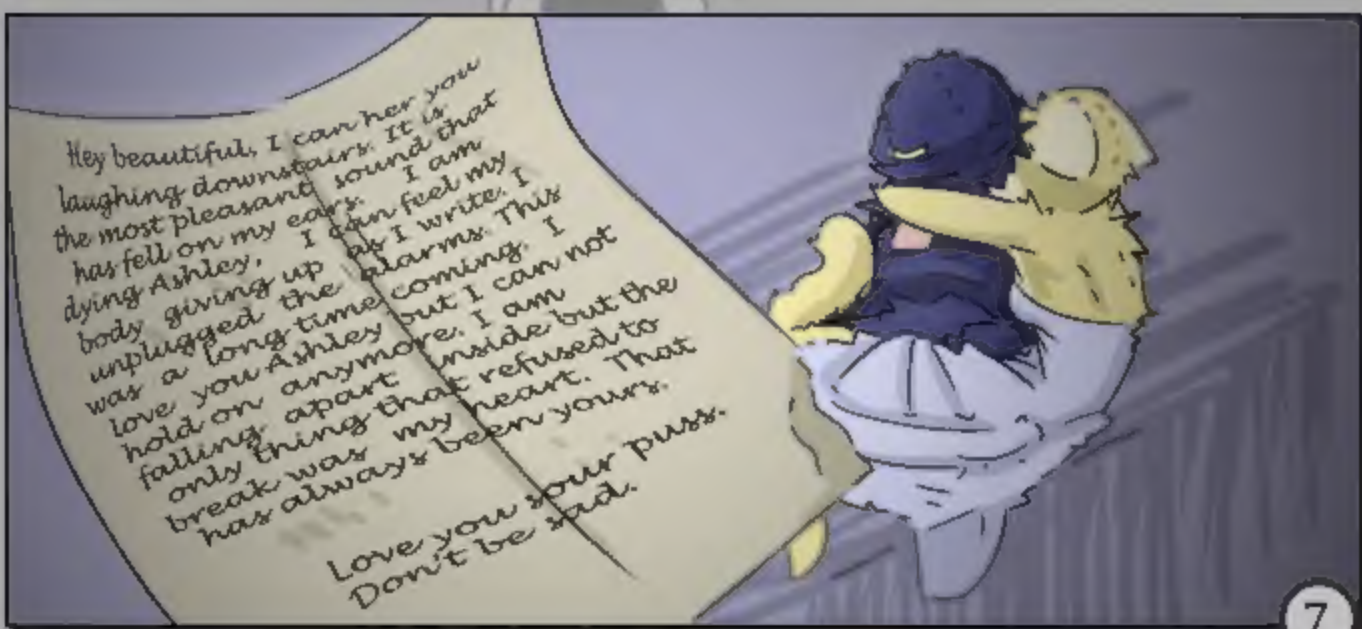
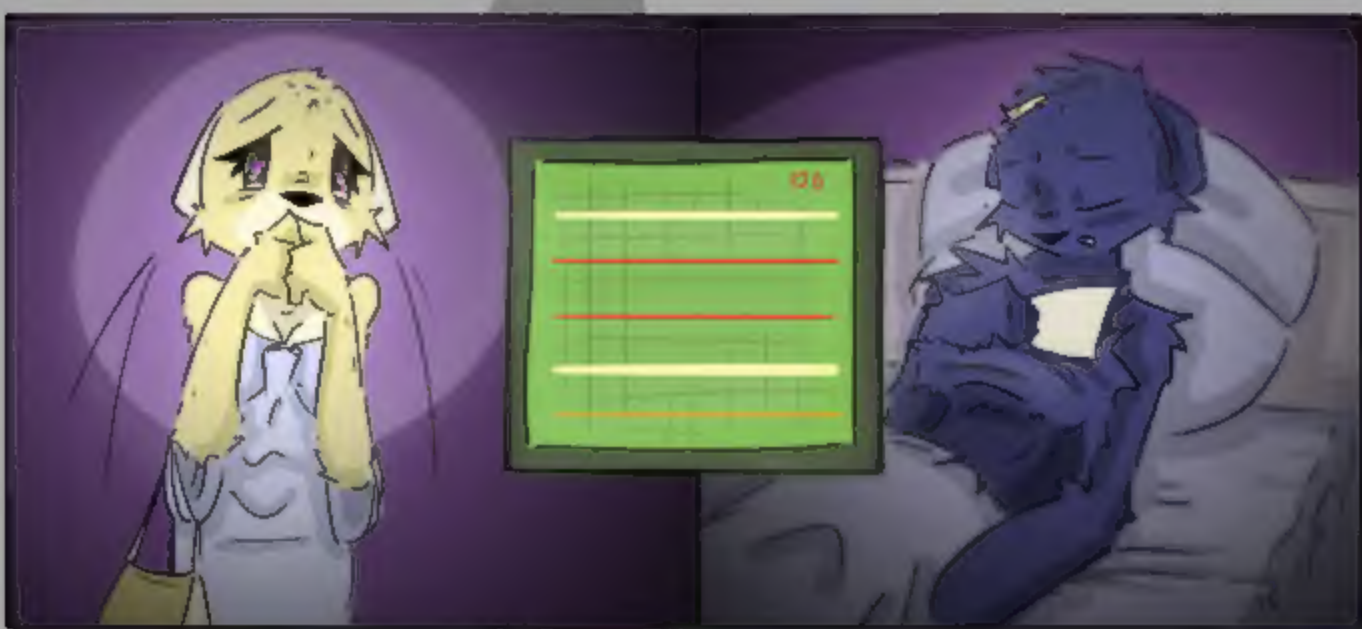
I OWN A CANDY
STORE. I KNOW SWEETS,
SOURS, BITTERS, SAVORIES,
AND SPICES. I KNOW HOW TO MAKE
OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY KINDS OF
CHOCOLATE, PULL TAFFY LIKE AN
ACROBAT, AND WHIP AN ICING
SO SMOOTH YOU WOULD
THINK IT FRICTIONLESS.

BUT POLITICS AND
WHY MEN DO WHAT THEY DO...
YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG
KITTEN.

PERHAPS IT IS NOT
ABOUT WHAT THEY TOOK AS
MUCH AS WHAT THEY ARE
TRYING TO TELL US.

BE BACK
IN A BIT.







NAME?

NAME?

UNRESPONSIVE.
SWEEPERS SAID SHE
DIDN'T SAY A WORD.

PICKED HER UP
DURING A SWEEP FOR
TERRORISTS

I DON'T CARE.
I'D JUST LIKE ONE
SUBJECT THAT WASN'T
TO BUSY BEGGING, CRYING,
OR SCREAMING TO GIVE
ME A STRAIGHT
ANSWER.

LET'S SEE HER.

NAME?

PRESIDENT BROWN'S
LAST AIDE WAS KILLED
DURING A TERRORIST ATTACK
ON HIS HOME. TAG HER AS
SILENCE FIT HER FOR
THE FULL PRESIDENTIAL
PACKAGE.



SIR ONE HAS
RETURNED WITH THE
DEVIL'S HANDS FROM
YOUR ESTATE.

VERY GOOD
CONTROL. SILENCE, LET
US GO GREET ONE AND
SAY HELLO TO OUR
GUESTS.